UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

A Parent's Dilemma

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

The Present Crisis: The A B C of the League of Nations

By BRENT DOW ALLINSON

Something of Geography

Book Reviews by FREDERICK STARR

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *: Editors :* FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. XCI THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1923. Number 20

HYMN TO THE TREE

By Gabriela Mistral of Chile.*
Translated from the Spanish by Alice Stone Blackwell.

O brother tree, fast fixed in earth
By brown hooks 'neath the soil that lie,
Yet raising thy clean brow aloft
With fervent yearning for the sky!

Pitiful make me towards the dross
Whose dark mire feeds me, low and dumb,
Yet never let the memory sleep
Of that blue land from which I come!

Thou to the traveller dost announce,
O tree, thy gentle presence near,
By thy refreshing, far-flung shade,
And by thy fragrant atmosphere.

So let my presence be revealed
Amid life's fields, where'er I be,
By my warm, gentle influence
Shed over others silently!

O tree, productive ten times o'er—
Of rosy fruit thy leaves between,
Of wood for building, perfumed airs,
And sheltering foliage, dense and green!

Thou tree of soothing, healing balms
And wondrous resins—gracious tree,
Full of wild vines that weigh thee down
And throats athrill with melody!

Oh, make me rich in giving forth,
To equal thee in fruitfulness!
Tree, let my heart, my thought, become
Wide as the world, to help and bless!

Let all of life's activities
Leave me unwearied, like to thee!
From me let mighty lavishness
Flow forth without exhausting me!

O tree wherein the pulse of life
So tranquil beats, through peaceful hours!
The fever of the century,
With deep unrest, consumes my powers.

Make me serene, make me serene
With noble calmness, brave and bright,
Such as a breath of the divine
Gave to the Grecian marbles white!

Thou art a woman's gentle womb,
Fair tree; thy boughs with nests are rife,
And every branch, soft swaying, rocks
In each warm nest a tiny life.

Give me a leafage great and thick,
To meet the need of all who roam—
Who in the human forest vast
Have found no branch to be their home!

Tree that, where'er thy strong trunk stands,
On hill or plain, in every place,
Takest the self-same attitude
Of sheltering and protective grace!

So may my soul, in each estate—
Youth, age, joy, grief, whate'er befall—
Still hold the self-same attitude
Of love unchanging, love to all!

A silly article appeared in a popular magazine recently, setting forth the claim that it is easy to love and hard to hate. Love was described as weakness and hate as strength. "Hate requires moral courage." This sort of thing can only awaken pity. It reveals such a meagre knowledge of life! No one who understands can hate. It is inane to hate things. Who with wisdom berates tornadoes, rattlesnakes or earthquakes? Our loves and hates can have but one object and that is men. But men are the product of an infinite complexity of causes. We know that if we were in the place of another man we might do as he does. Hate requires no thought. By its very nature it compells us to cease thinking. Love requires understanding. Understanding means thought. This depends upon effort. It is no mean task to put ourselves in another's place and look at his problem from his point of view. The great ones of earth have been the lovers of men. Slavery was cruel and it was easy to hate the slave owner. Lincoln studied slavery. He made an effort to understand it. But much as he learned of the iniquity of slavery, he never allowed himself to hate the slave owner. He took within the circle of his love both the slave and the owner. The man who hates is like the little boy who viciously pounds with his tender hands the stone over which he has tripped. The one who loves is the wise man who carefully takes the stone from the roadway and places it far from the path of other men. Hate is the reaction of an untutored mind ensnared by passion. It is an expression of weakness and despair. Love comes when the mind has freed itself from the dominance of passion, and has set itself under the direction of will to the understanding of life. We said that the

*Gabriela Mistral is the pen-name of Lucila Godoy Alcayaza, who from an obscure country school-teacher has become one of the most famous and beloved poets in all the Spanish-speaking countries. When she was lately invited to Mexico to be present at the inauguration of a school named for her, and to give a course of lectures on education and South American literature at the University of Mexico, her journey was like a triumphal progress. Her character is said to be as beautiful as her poetry, and she is not only an eminent literary light but a strong moral force.

article referred to is silly. It is silly just as a child's rage is silly when he is deprived of his toys. The writer will call it silly when he has passed from childhood to age, and has experienced some of the deep things of life.

We visited recently the city of Alton, Illinois, holy ground for every lover of his country and of humanity! Here on November 7th, 1837, Elijah Parish Lovejoy gave his life not only in behalf of the Negro but also of principles which are absolutely fundamental in a democracy—freedom of speech and freedom of the press. A tablet on the Sparks mill tells in simple language the fact that where the mill now stands, was the Lovejoy printing office, and that there Lovejoy died for liberty. Opposite the mill, on the lawn of the office building, is a most sacred and precious relic. In excavating for the foundations of the mill, which is on the bank of the Mississippi, there was found a portion of the frame of the Lovejoy printing press which the mob broke and threw into the river. This recovered portion of the press now stands in a granite frame, and within it is a tablet to the memory of the martyr, and of the men with him who risked their lives in defence of "free speech and free press." We stood in reverence before these tablets which testify that Lovejoy did not die in vain. From the site of the printing press we were taken to the cemetery. There over the grave of Lovejoy, the citizens of Alton and the state of Illinois have erected the most inspiring monument in America. From a base, the sides of which carry bronze tablets on which are recorded in Lovejoy's words the principles for which he died, there rises a noble granite shaft to the height of sixty feet. On this shaft there is a symbolic angel which seems merely to touch with one foot the capital of the shaft in its flight. One hand carries a chaplet of leaves; and the other, outstretched, supports the trumpet of which one can almost hear the triumphant note. The angel has taken up the message of Lovejoy and proclaims it to the world. No words of ours can describe the emotions that welled up within us as we looked upon this glorious monument. The granite shaft with its bronze tablets stands immovable on those majestic bluffs of the Father of Waters, but the angel flies forever from sea to sea proclaiming in trumpet tones the eternal principles on which America is built. Such a monument is a testimony that we have not forgotten the ideals of the fathers. It is an indictment of those who, forgetting these ideals, keep within prison walls the men who have heard the voice of the angel and obeyed the heavenly word.

Our charge, made months ago, that the late lamented Washington Conference worked no change in the armament situation save to transfer the field of competition from discredited dreadnaughts to more modern and effective weapons of destruction, is impressively justified by two recent events of great importance. The one is the launching of the new British submarine, which has created such a sensation as has not been known since the launching of the original "Dreadnaught." The other is the announcement of Premier Baldwin, in the House of Commons, of the decision of his government to expand the British Air Force by an addition of thirty-four squadrons, and thus, "in addition to meeting the essential air power requirements of the navy, army, Indian and overseas commitments," to organize a "home defense force of sufficient strength adequately to prepare us against attack by the strongest air force within striking distance of this country (England)." It takes something less than the knowledge of omniscience to understand that this reference is to France, and that in the building of airplanes, as also in the building of submarines, England is preparing to enter upon a competition with her rival as deadly in spirit and in results as her former rivalry on the seas with Germany. The next war, in other words, will be fought under the water and in the air, and the preparation therefor is now formally begun. What the Washington Conference did—or pretended to do, for no one of its agreements has yet been ratified!—was simply to scrap a lot of old junk and thus clear the ground for the real machines of modern warfare. It is interesting to note that the New York *Times* declares that England's move "should be studied with concern by those responsible for a sound aviation policy in the United States." The race is on! Another year, and we shall be building airplanes like mad in this country. We wonder whether it will be to fight England or France!

Well, *well*, WELL! We thought we had passed altogether beyond the possibility of being surprised about anything having to do with the World War. We believed that no discovery or disclosure of any kind could stir in us amazement or even interest. But here we are bowled right clean over, just as though we were the most unsophisticated of mortals! What has struck us amidships this time is the sudden announcement that it is now known that no deliberate injury was done to the "Leviathan" by the Germans when this enormous ship was taken over by the U. S. government in 1917. The stories of the wicked sabotage committed at that time are, of course, still perfectly familiar. Who of us can forget the dreadful reports which filled the newspapers of turbines smashed, boilers cracked, and holes bored in water pipes and even in the vessel's hull? We never doubted that these stories were true, because, in spite of all the furious hub-bub of denunciation we could never see why the Germans should not make wreckage of their lost ships if they could. When an army retreats, it burns bridges, tears

up railroad tracks, and levels cities. When a fleet is defeated in battle, the captains open their sea cocks and thus sink their ships rather than surrender them to the enemy. Why should not the German custodians of the "Leviathan" (their "Vaterland") wreck her, or even destroy her altogether, if they could? No act of war could be more common or, from the standpoint of war, more proper. But now we learn, after all the denunciation of their alleged crime, that the Germans never did this thing at all. The stories of sabotage were nothing but propaganda lies! All the details of broken machinery, shattered boilers, etc., were made up out of whole cloth, that the American people might have one more thing to froth at the mouth over. This is, to us, "the limit." We are through. Never again, under any circumstances, will we believe anything that is told us in war time.

Another fond "hope" blasted! Another carefully manufactured series of lies about the Russian Bolsheviks blown to smithereens by a few grains of that famous old explosive, truth! This time it is Tikhon, the former Patriarch of Russia, whose sufferings and oppressions have been woven into the fabric of the most dreadful tale which has come out of Moscow since the days of the alleged "red terror." For months Tikhon had been held in bondage for ultimate trial and execution by the Soviet butchers. A few weeks ago dreadful stories were published of the horrid tortures which were being inflicted upon this venerable priest by his merciless jailers. Then, toward the end of June, there appeared on the front page of our newspapers, under flaring headlines, and frequently accompanied by an impressive picture of the old man, an account of Tikhon's death in prison, fittingly embroidered with the report that he had been "poisoned." This last story came from Riga, fruitful mother of an unending brood of lies, but our editors swallowed it whole, as though Riga had never before produced an untruth, and gave it the most conspicuous publicity. Then, on June 29th, came at last the truth, printed on *the 20th page* of the New York *Times,* the deepest possible place of burial! This truth was an unexciting Associated Press despatch to the effect that Tikhon had been released from prison, and that he denied "reports that he was tortured while in jail, asserting that on the other hand he was well treated." Here is at last the fact, limping and halting after the lies which have been given wings to fly to all the four quarters of the world. That it will ever catch up, is of course, impossible. The torture of Tikhon takes its permanent place in the goodly company of the assassinations, the nationalization of women, the religious persecutions, the plundering of church treasuries, and other hoary falsehoods about the Bolshevik regime! We count our readers as among the few who are no longer fooled. If they would strengthen their faith in Russia, let them read the remarkable series of articles published by Dr. Hartman, editor of *Zion's Herald,* in June issues of his paper.

We have found another book which we believe everybody should read. We refer to G. Lowes Dickinson's recent volume, "War: Its Nature, Cause and Cure." Here in the short space of one hundred and fifty-five (155) pages, the famous English essayist tells us just the horrible thing that war is, analyzes the exact nature of its utterly selfish and unromantic causes, and shows to us the simple and entirely practicable things that can be done to abolish war if we really want to do so. The ground covered is all familiar to the pacifist, but we have never seen it covered more convincingly, more thoroughly, or with less polite disguise of unpalatable truth. Dickinson dodges nothing—not even the personal responsibility of soldiers and sailors for the deeds which they do in arms. As for the Great War, he strips it naked of every tawdry rag of idealism, and bids us make the most of it! This war, like every war, was wholly vile.

> "It matters little," he says, "what feelings may have possessed the fighting men. It is not those feelings that determine either the cause or the issue of war. War is about territory, power and trade, and about nothing else. . . . War remains what it has always been, *murder for the sake of loot.*"

Gainsay that who can, dear friends! It's the truth—the truth in the last war both for Englishmen and Germans, and the truth in "the next war" both for us and for our enemies. Most men can't see it, or won't see it—so wars go right straight on, one after another, in the name of democracy, liberty, civilization, peace, and every other vile camouflage of dishonest or degenerate men. But some day, eyes will be opened—and then, not before, wars will cease.

The Federal Council of Churches plainly means business in this matter of the twelve-hour day in the steel industry. In a statement issued by the able head of its research department, Mr. F. E. Johnson, the Council charges Judge Gary with circulating misleading and erroneous propaganda, declares that the steel trust's investigation of the question was "only a gesture to mislead the public," and proclaims that "when industry employs men twelve hours a day, it commits a moral trespass and challenges the churches in their own field." This is talk, straight to the point, vibrant with moral authority, which does the Federal Council infinite credit, and puts Mr. Gary and his associates immediately on the defensive. What the Interchurch World Movement, in other words, began so splendidly four years ago, is now being continued with determination and courage by this more permanent organization of religion. The battle is joined—and more and more as the fight goes on, the steel industry will be sure to find that the great body of public sentiment in this country is behind the churches, and will sustain them

to the end. Not since the days of chattel slavery has there been an issue more clear-cut, more definitely ethical in character, more vital with appeal to the conscience of mankind, than this of the twelve-hour day. Indeed, what we have in this issue *is* slavery all over again, for men bound to the wheel of labor as the steel workers are bound, are worse rather than better off than the old-time plantation serfs. The outcome of this earlier struggle for freedom is good augury of the outcome of this present fight. Incidentally, nothing could be wiser than the Federal Council's deliberate choice of this one specific question on which to declare war against United States Steel! Better one determined effort here than any amount of agitation "all over the lot," so to speak. When this fight is done and Judge Gary soundly beaten, the American public will have had a first class education on capitalistic enormities, and thus be not only ready but eager for the next advance against the enemy.

We had it all arranged with our English correspondent, Dr. Walter Walsh, that he was to attend the conference of Modern Religious Thinkers, held in London on June 1st and 2nd last, and report proceedings for this paper. Unfortunately Dr. Walsh was suddenly stricken with serious illness (from which he is now happily recovering) and thus rendered incapable of serving. We learn, however, from an excellent report in *The Churchman* (June 30th), that this conference was a worthy successor of the two earlier ones held in June, 1920, and December, 1921, respectively. Those who took part included representatives of the Church of England, the Free Churches, the Ethical Societies, the Positivist Society, the Rationalist Press Association, and the Theosophical Society. Dr. Felix Adler was a distinguished speaker from America. No address stirred more interest than that delivered by Bernard Shaw on the question of belief in God. Some persons seem to be surprised that the great dramatist confessed himself a theist, but such can hardly have read his "Back to Methuselah," to say nothing of earlier plays, such as "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," for example. In addressing the conference, Mr. Shaw said,

> You have to proceed on the hypothesis that there is some Power working for certain things that you only partly understand. You may call that Power by whatever name you like, but it is there, and if you attempt to govern the earth or to bind people together by a system from which that factor is left out, you will find that it will not work. The attempts that have been made in modern times to work without that factor have ended among other things in the War of 1914-18, and they seem likely to produce another crop of very much the same result. You can only unite people on the recognition of that factor.

All this sounds like the rediscovery of God that we have heard so much about of late. It is supremely characteristic of our times that it is not bishops and priests but men of the Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells type who are leading the way in this spiritual adventure.

A Parent's Dilemma

Present day education raises problems which like Banquo's ghost will not down. They appear at every dinner and every club. Like immortality they are discussed and never settled. The following selections are but a part of this never ending talk. They are not expected to convince. The writer will be satisfied if they help to keep the conversation going. He is a layman in the strictest sense of the word. He does not know. He merely opines.

He knows that there are teachers born not to wield the rod but to draw out the minds of children by the gentle process of persuasion and inspiration. Then there are "doctors of teaching" who know the "how" of the whole process of education. Of these the common man stands in awe. They dwell in normal schools, colleges and universities and from thence they send forth on chivalrous pilgrimages young men and young women. Their purpose is to slay the great black dragon, Ignorance, which lives in the minds of little folk. Perhaps it is because their swords are of the spirit that the young women are in the majority.

This is big business in very earnest. And to it we devote not only these earnest minded young folk but also immense sums of money. Perhaps because it is so big, so vast and under the condition in which we live so difficult that the killing of this dragon, Ignorance, has ceased to be an art and has become a system. Poets are born, not made but we try to make teachers. Gawky youths and shy maidens go to school to learn to teach. They then go forth on their pilgrimages loaded with the results of a thousand thousand questionnaires and armed with the newest methods of injecting the virus that kills the dragon—I was going to say their victims, but that would be most unkind.

Formerly they were expected to attack the dragon from any and every quarter. But this is the day of specialists. It is each man to his post. Under the banners of every possible phase of human thought they march against the enemy. It is an army trained with knowledge, furnished with the latest methods of getting the great task done.

Perhaps it is a mistake to compare these young pedagogues to members of an army. I sometimes think of them as belonging to a new order of priesthood. I am sure that there are high priests among them. At least they are an order of some kind and they seem to be very remote from life. To these we commit, not our lives—we turn them over to the doctors—but our children.

We build, grudgingly it is true, huge buildings in which these priests rule supreme. We fool ourselves by saying that we build for the children. But I am very sure that this is not so. If we built them for children I am sure that we would consider the wishes and needs of little folk in the building of them and in the location of them. I remember an architectural monument that people said the children deserved and ought to have. But it was so located on a lot of land that it was impossible to have a playing field about it. No, it was not built for children. Perhaps it was for looks. As an ornament it was a huge success. These priests of education can not have much to say about these buildings. If they did they surely would protest against those flights of stairs that ruin the health of girls. They would insist on sunshine in every room some part of the day. I never could see that they had very much to say about these buildings. It has been suggested to me that they afford a very good opportunity for an advertisement to an architect. This seems an unkind thought and I shall not emphasize it. I only know that I have recently seen some very elaborate monumental sort of structures that were called school buildings. At any rate they are built, grudgingly as I said, and we pay for them after twenty years or more. They are taken possession of by these masters and mistresses of our children, who retire into them much as the old monk retired into a monastery.

Like the Pied Piper they call all the little folk from streets and alleys, refuse dumps and stagnant pools, vacant lots and open fields and everywhere that they foregather. But unlike the Children of Hamelin they do not go trippingly down the streets but rather without joy and fearsomely. They are called to these big unhuman buildings. The big doors open and the coming generation disappears within the high walls.

In the days before my boy heard the call, I trembled when I saw other children respond to it. I knew that his day would soon come. I wondered what it would mean to him and to me. Then his day came and I went with him. As we went down the street, his hand in mine, I walking soberly and he dancing beside me, for as yet he knew not and I thought I knew what was in store for him, children came from all directions. And soon we stood on the outside of the paved court in which a mob of youngsters of all ages meaninglessly danced and howled. Their shrill cries and rapid spinning about made me think it was a band of howling dervishes.

A bell rang sharply. The great door opened. A priestess in neat garb stood on each side of the entrance. There was silence on the hard pavement. With quick, nervous steps the little folks formed in line. Another bell rang, a priestess raised her hand and the solemn march began. Then I heard someone say, "Left, left" and I heard the rhythmic clap of hands. And to this barbaric music the little soldiers, male and female, slowly and silently marched into the darkness of a great hall. Some one, a priestess I think, but I am not sure, it may have been an older child—I was not seeing very clearly just then—came and took my boy from me. The procession had disappeared. All was very still when my boy, too, went into the dark hall. A man in rough clothes appeared and closed the doors with a business like bang. For my boy one stage of life was over. He had answered the imperious call.

I turned slowly and sadly away. I wondered if my boy would ever return to me. He came home at noon with popping eyes, hot cheeks and bated breath, telling of his strange and wonderful new world. After that he was different as I suppose he ought to have been. I did not quite like it but who was to blame? The law had him in its power and I was a part of the law. The law said that I should give him up and I had no recourse. Perhaps if I had been wiser it might have been different, but I was not. So some one that I did not know, whom I had never seen and in whose selection I had had no part, was going to prepare him for the next stage in life.

For five long hours chained—I beg pardon, I did not mean "chained"—seated at a bench behind a sloping desk, he would have poured into him, along with fifty other boys and girls, the wisdom of the ages, beginning with c-a-t cat, and ending with, only the Lord in His wisdom knows.

During these long and weary hours little feet which hungered to run and skip, must be still. The little hands so active must learn to stay in place. A thousand questions springing to the lips must be repressed. Now this might be all as it should be but nevertheless I wondered and wonder still if anybody was really thinking of my boy as a real, living, actual boy.

For most of his waking time he, with all the children of my friends and neighbors, was to all intents and purposes, not mine but another's. A great invisible giant that we call "The State," I knew was in the background. I knew that this giant had power that I could not match. So in spite of my wonderings and questionings, I accepted the situation as though it had been decreed by the inexorable Fates.

The change that began in my boy on the first day when I waved to him a good bye as he disappeared in that black cavern-like hallway, continued. It could not be otherwise. Perhaps if I had been wiser and my friends had been wiser and if we had been a wee bit more thrifty, we might have outwitted the Fates. But the money was wanting and then friends said, "We do not want our boys to be different from other boys." This made me think again of the simile of an army. I wondered if that was what The State in its blind way really was doing—making our boys into a vast army. The State in its blundering, wholesale way said, "To school!" in very much the same way as it might have said, "To the trenches!" To the priests of

education The State said, "Take him!" and to me it said, "Give him!"

These priests are much like unto the ancient priests. They know the mysteries and the inner secrets and we do not. Theirs is a system whose workings are known to the initiated and my boy and yours are a part of this system. I did have some ideals but these clashed with the system and I could conclude only, that if I was to live in peace, or rather if my boy was to live in peace, they were all wrong. But when some gentle eyed priestess would come on tip-toe out of one of those huge prisons and whisper in my ear that all was not right within, I could not help but have misgivings. And when she would say, "There is something wrong. I know it and others know it but we can do nothing. The system is too strong for us." I was very unhappy and felt very helpless.

I came to know and love some of these priestesses. They made me unhappy when one after another they resigned—there were no heresy trials — and sought other fields of work. I understood then more fully what the system means. One of these said to me, "We have not even five minutes in all the day in which to be ourselves." Then I think not of an army but a factory. All the children in all these prison houses must march in step. It is a system that must be kept in gear. One child can not learn in one way and another child in another way. So it's "March, march, march," and I come back to the simile of the army again as Kipling's awful poem, "Boots, Boots, Boots," rings in my ears.

To all my wonderings and questionings my reason makes protest. We have experts in every field of human endeavor and why not here. When my bath tub leaks, I do not try to fix it. I call an expert, a plumber. And when he comes he rules supreme. He is boss and neither my wife nor myself utter one word in his presence. To be sure, my wife does after he has gone while she is cleaning up the mess on the floor. I pay the bill and say nothing. I call another plumber next time but the system does not change. And when my own personal plumbing gets out of order I call a doctor. He asks me all sorts of impudent questions about not only myself but my dear old grandmother, who, for all I know, never had an ache or pain in her body. Then he orders me to bed and I most meekly obey. I once thought that I would outwit my doctor by going to a hospital. My attempt was a dismal failure for there I found myself in an experts' paradise. What little remnant of will I possessed was obliterated in the presence of the nurse's dictum, "The Doctor ordered it."

The whole of life seems to be one round of experts from which there is no escape. But when I look at my boy I wonder and say to myself, "Must it always and forever be so, is there no escape?" There must be some part of life that can escape the system and the one "who knows it all." Because the plumber is a czar and my doctor a tyrant, must my boy lie in Procrustes' bed? If the guest of this amiable gentleman was too long for his bed he cut off his legs to their proper length and if the guest was too short he obligingly pulled him out a bit. The guest may not have liked it but he did fit the bed which was the important thing—to Procrustes.

Occasionally I have felt strongly like being a rebel. In fact, sometimes I have resolved to rebel. I have risen again and again only to sit down feeling that it was utterly hopeless. My boy is my boy but what can I do. Once when my courage ran high I wrote a letter to the papers but slept on it, as my wife advised, and then burned it the next morning.

I have done what few of us do—I have visited what my boy calls his school. I went up the wide steps and opened the doors into the long dark hall. It is all so still, it seems like death. I go on tip-toe to a door and timidly tap upon it. A gentle voice calls, "Come in." I enter and am greeted by smiling teacher and the astonished faces of fifty grinning urchins. I find myself abashed and a stranger in the room where my boy spends the larger part of his waking hours. I sit at a bench which brings my knees to my chin and do my very best to look at ease. I try to comfort myself with the thought that it is my school, that I am a taxpayer and have a right to be there. But it is no use. I am out of place and no logic can or does put me in place. I disturb the class. I make it hard for the teacher. There is no place for parents on her schedule. And worst of all my boy is abashed. He knows by this time that it is not good form for daddies to be "butting in." Then "teacher," who does not look a bit like a priestess, or what I imagine a priestess ought to look like, asks me to say a few words to the children. So I murmur something about being good and you will be happy and a few other inane things and end with assuring them that everyone of them, including the girls, may be president some day. After that, to the infinite relief of the teacher and myself, I withdraw as quietly as possible. Slowly and sadly I walk down those silent halls wondering what has become of all the joyous life that entered there.

Once my boy was sick. Many children in the neighborhood were sick at the same time. I knew that the ventilation in "the school" would not compare with that of a modern factory, that the light was bad, that the children were too closely confined, at least I thought I did. So I took my courage in my hand and ventured to visit the school board, that almost unknown political institution. I did not see the members of the board but I saw the secretary. I then learned that taxes were high, that the board was doing its best and that some expert had said that the ventilation in the Addison School was the best in the country. I went

away feeling properly rebuked and very humble and helpless.

One day in a rash moment I decided that I would visit the "High Priest" of the System. After much difficulty I obtained my interview. Then I learned something of "what-I-did-not-know." It is appalling, this sense of absolute ignorance that wells up within one in the presence of one who is the real expert. I was reminded of the good lady who said to her husband after his vigorous protest to the pronouncement of the doctor that he was dead, "Be still John, the doctor knows best."

But I plucked up courage and asked him if there was any other system of teaching reading besides the one which was being applied to my boy. I had this courage because I had been told privately by a number of minor priestesses that the particular system in use was as bad as it possibly could be. "Of course there is," was the High Priest's reply, "but those books cost us five thousand dollars. Do you suppose that the people of this town would stand for a change?" "I suppose not," was my meek reply.

I then began to see some light. Perhaps my "High Priest" was not so high after all. He, too, may be a member of a system. We, the people, don't want to change. It would cost money. So I began to talk to my fellow citizens. One said, "Mercy, it is bad enough now. What would I do if Johnny was home all of the time?" Another said, "Why should we take care of our children? That's what the schools are for."

This is all discouraging but I am learning something so I keep at it in Socratic fashion. But my only resemblance to the Athenian Sage lies in the fact that I am voted a nuisance. But I learn that taxes are high, that the teacher knows best anyway and that it is important to most folk that they know where Tommy and Sally are during the day. And when I tell my friends that the teachers really do know and want to use their knowledge, I learn that the teachers are a bunch of faddists and that they are not quite mentally competent. Protestation is useless. The dear public is adamantine. I begin to think that we, the public, have some power after all.

But my question remains. I have not as yet answered it. Why must I give up my boy? Why must he be given over to a system? All I want to do is to humanize the school and to give the teachers a real chance. But I know that first we, the people, must be educated to take a real interest in our children. If we can do that then perhaps expert and parent can work together. We will then know that life is more important than any system. Children will then no longer march to the education mill. The joyous years that we have taken away we may be able, or they may be able, to give back to their children.

That day seems very far away. The bell still calls. The command rings out. The children march, march. The little minds and bodies must march as atoms in tune. Democracy waits for men and women who can think and act with independence, wisdom and courage, for those who dare to walk the lonely paths to the heights of the Delectable Mountains from which they may see the walls of the city of God.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

"A new explosive has been invented," says H. N. Brailsford, in *The New Leader,* referring to the Ruhr. "It is not a gas. It is not even the energy of a disintegrating atom. It is simply the moral force of a stubborn popular passive resistance. We may be witnessing the greatest thing that has happened to civilization since gunpowder was first discovered." It should be said that this "moral force," like atomatic energy, has always been with us; it has only been waiting to be tapped and used.

"Political platforms and religious creeds," says President Clifton D. Gray, of Bates College, "are often only chain stores for distribution of goods left over from a previous generation." If this isn't an accurate description of the denominational churches, as well as the old-line political parties, we have never seen one!

Here's a choice sentence in G. Lowes Dickinson's new book, "War: Its Nature, Cause and Cure," which is well worth pondering. Referring to a certain statement by a certain statesman, Dickinson says, "Those words are so true that they might have been spoken by a pacifist." Think it over!

A few months ago we had a visit from Clemenceau, the "Tiger"; now we are enjoying the presence of Gouraud, the "Lion." We wonder what it means that Frenchmen should be labeled in this wild-beast fashion!

If we were a betting man, and had any money, and could find any takers, we would place our last sou on the Levinson-Borah program for the Outlawry of War as the winner of the Bok $100,000 peace prize.

An attempt to cut out certain passages of the Declaration of Independence in the reading of that historic document on the 4th of July, in Boston, met with failure. It has encountered much success in many other places, especially Washington, in recent years.

The Duke of Leinster, according to a despatch from London, has recently been tried and found guilty of

a certain crime by a jury at the Old Bailey. The judge, in postponing sentence, said that "the Duke would be kept in custody, but *would suffer no indignity.*" We wonder if such solicitous regard would have been shown the criminal if he had been a longshoreman or a colporter or just a common man of any sort!

To remember that the Germans invaded Belgium is apparently as easy as to forget that the Germans built the *Leviathan.* J. H. H.

Heligoland a Sanatorium for Children

Editorial Correspondence

Heligoland is a day's ride, by train and boat, from Berlin, but is easily reached through Hamburg. This island, so famous, before and during the war, is now the seat of a Children's Sanatorium. It is quite as marvelous as turning swords into ploughshares. The battlements of Heligoland are all destroyed and the island is now frequented by strangers and 2,000 fishermen, who live off the strangers, while their tackle hangs on the nail all the year round.

Heligoland has become the health resort for hundreds of Berlin's children who were bodily injured by the war. When the spring comes, 500 children will occupy big, airy houses, that once were military quarters. An experienced physician will be in charge. Games, walks, various forms of social recreation will be furnished; and Heligoland will thus be turned into a park of peace. While children will not be taken free, no child will be turned away for want of the necessary means. It is expected, this summer, that children from the Ruhr, as well as from Berlin, will temporarily people this old war fortress.

I called recently to interview Miss K. Kupsch, Secretary for two years of the German Peace Society, at Zimmerstrasse 87, for one of the objects of my search is to find persons, or organizations, that give hope of peace to the world. This peace society—like those of other lands—is not on the "ground floor" either actually or metaphorically. I climbed to the fourth floor and found the modest rooms. This does not disturb me, for I recall that Jesus was born in a manger and Garrison moved New England with a hand press in a dingy room. But peace societies generally have an apologetic appearance for their existence. The public mind comments thus: "In peace time, why talk about peace? In war time why talk about peace?" As of old, there seems to be no room in the inn.

Miss Kupsch is a pleasant, intelligent little lady, while the president, who happened to be in, struck me as a gruff old chap, who needed a little peace cordial himself. I am sure he did know that if he had greeted me with a good old western handshake, I might have slipped him a modest check for the society. Angels are easily scared away.

I find that, in Germany, peace sentiment is largely sentiment. It must be cultivated, but the work is not satisfactory. The society has about 16,000 paying members—the fee being 40 marks. The churches are not co-operating much—being too closely tied up with the state. Labor gives considerable support to peace promotion, but even labor is not absolutely against fighting. During the war the Society was compelled to change its name; so for three years it scattered a few pamphlets agitating for stopping the war, and demonstrating for peace. The central office was at Stuttgart, but in 1918 was moved to Berlin. So, for three years it has carried on work. There were few conscientious objectors in Germany. There are, Miss Kupsch told me, sixteen peace societies in Germany, and in 1918 they were gathered into the German Peace Federation. These societies participated in the great "No More War" demonstrations on the last Sunday of July, in 1920, 1921 and 1922. At the last meeting of the Federation headquarters in the rooms of the Peace Society, Zimmerstrasse 87, Berlin, it was voted in case of war to engage in a general strike and to resist war to the point of the conscientious objectors.

When I asked her if she looked with hope for peace, to come through the Church, with all others I have met, she shook her head. The Church is strongly nationalistic. However, she thought there was hope for the Youth Movement—with its insurgence of new ideas and enthusiasm—along with the death of the older generation. Her idea was similar to that of a certain village critic of the local church that "it would amount to nothing until there had been a few first class funerals." Personally, I am convinced that the German people are as peace-loving as any people I have visited for several years, that they are sincerely wishing and working for it. They are caught between the grinding stones. This peace society is plodding on, watching opportunities to promote, to act when occasion permits, but it's the old situation repeated, "the harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few."

Berlin, Germany. SYDNEY STRONG.

THE THREE VOICES

When the fire sinks flame by flame
And the shadows, Dear, grow long,
Shall I turn for praise or blame
To the Brazen-Throated Throng?

When the last poor deed is done,
Shall I look, O Good and True,
To the old friends one by one,
The Silver-Throated Few?

Nay, all that I strove to do,
However it end, was done
For You and the love of You,
The Golden-Throated One!

—*Arthur Stringer.*

The Present Crisis: The A B C of the League of Nations

I.

There is a breeze blowing through the United States once again—a breeze of "European" propaganda. We are not told this time that our failure to ratify the Treaty and the League that was tied to it like a poor relation will "break the heart of the world." That heart, it seems, has been forgotten about. Either it has been mysteriously fitted with an automatic self-starter device that revives it after each collapse, or it was built of non-breakable cement in the first place. Instead, we are now told that the League of Nations is a "going concern," the greatest organization that exists and functions in the world for the preservation of peace, and that we "owe it to ourselves" to take "the next inevitable step" and play an adequate rôle in that great organization which is functioning but imperfectly without us. We are assured that membership in the League is the best insurance against war, that it is not a "super-state," and that it does not rely upon force for the execution of its decisions.

Certainly the American people would like to be able to believe that the League is really all that its enthusiastic propagandists say that it is. Perhaps it is because the American people were so bitterly disappointed in the results of their first and last political adventure in Europe—so stung by the supreme irony of "the war to end war," that they are now somewhat skeptical about everything European and reluctant to nibble at the newest bait that has been set to lure them into the vortex of European affairs once again. Perhaps it is in part because they do not fully understand what the League is actually doing, or do not have the same confidence they once had in the high-mindedness and innocence of the governments that control it. Or, perhaps it is because of certain salient defects in the League's constitution which its propagandists persist in ignoring. Certainly it is a very significant fact that it is not the men and women who steadfastly opposed the war and first condemned the peace who are leading the present "drive" to put the United States officially behind the Hague Court of (non-obligatory) Arbitration and into the politics of the Geneva League of Nations. It seems to be rather the ex-allied sentimentalists, the pseudo-liberals, the international lawyers, the pedigreed members of the English Speaking Union, "the Friends of the British Empire," and numerous other orders and associations, backed liberally by people who still believe that peace can be "enforced," and by the celebrated international bankers, who are topping the lists and signing the resolutions for American entrance into the League with and without safeguarding qualification or reservation—these together with many very respectable people who were conspicuously more "patriotic" when it came to the interests of Great Britain or of France, than they were prudently concerned with protecting the legitimate interests of the United States of America, and of the people who live here and desire to live here peacefully.

There are, in any event, a number of grave defects in the constitution and procedure of the League which the sincere friends of international peace and justice in the United States would like to have explained and corrected before they undertake to urge their government to join it, and among the most important of these defects, I take it, are implied or expressed in the following questions: Why is it that although the propagandists for the League never weary of pointing with pride to the allegation and repeating with emphasis the assertion that the cardinal principle and purpose of the League is to maintain the peace of the world, so little, so very little, has been done in the three years of its existence to rectify any of the major international wrongs that threaten constantly to plunge the world again into an orgy of slaughter and terror? How does it happen that, if the League exists primarily to prevent war, there is not a paragraph, not a sentence, not a word in all the Covenant of the League which condemns warfare as the insufferable abomination and wasteful stupidity, and the execrable moral crime that it is? Not only is there no outright excommunication of war, or declaration of its illegality, in the constitution of the League of Nations but, on the contrary, by direct implication, the waging of war by states members of the League—if an arbitral decision or the League's own mediation is refused—is recognized as permissible after the lapse of three months, as consonant with the public law of civilized nations. Articles 10, 14, 15, 16 and 17 directly imply or tacitly countenance the use of armed force by the members of the League against a recalcitrant state. How, then, can it be denied that the League is very far from being an association for the outlawing and abolition of war? It does, to be sure, provide for the compulsory registration and publication of all treaties contracted between its members. (It would be highly interesting to know whether the secret military agreements recently reported to have been contracted between France and Belgium and France and Poland have been filed with the League.) Its members, moreover, by the provisions of the famous Article 10, agree *"to respect and preserve* as against external aggression the territorial integrity and political independence," i. e., the dispositions of sovereignty and the control of property and tariffs desired by the Allied Governments and established by military violence in the dictated peace treaty of Versailles. But there is nothing in the Covenant of the League, as it came from the hands of the Allied statesmen and of Mr. Wilson, which condemns warfare as such, or seeks to place it beyond the pale of international public law. It is a fatal omission, from the viewpoint of peace, and one which is the more extraordinary when it is recalled that this document was offered to the suffering peoples of the world as the crowning achievement and moral justification of a victorious and world-devastating "war to end war"!

If it be asked, by those who seek the truth and who yearn for peace based upon righteousness, why the League of Nations has done so little to rectify the wrongs inflicted by the Treaty of Versailles and the subsequent policy of the Allies, particularly of France, which has continued the war upon the wounded body of continental Europe for four years, the explanation is not far to seek. It is to be found in the lamentable but, under the circumstances of the military victory, inevitable fact of the intimate and subordinate connection of the League with the one-sided Treaty of Versailles.

The same men who wrote the Treaty in the vitriol of hate framed the League—probably with good intentions—in the same place and at the same time. Some of them were certainly earnest about it, to the point

of fatal obstinacy. As for the Treaty, a flush of victory and a lust for revenge, a spirit of vindictiveness and a consequent self-righteous determination to grind the faces of the "guilty" Germans,—as the world now knows,—prevailed at Paris, pervaded the work of the statesmen and politicians and "experts" assembled there, and made the treaty not only one of the most drastic and pitiless verdicts ever decreed by a victor to a vanquished and ruined nation in the world's long history but also a document of fantastic economic demands assessed without regard to the capacity of Germany—to fulfill them and, therefore, as a few American and some British members of the peace delegations at Paris knew at the time,—and as all the world knows now,—a document impossible of execution. Twenty-five thousand square miles of territory in Europe, including about 8,000,000 inhabitants, were detached from Germany and assigned to the territories of its land-hungry neighbors. Hundreds of millions of dollars were added, quite unjustly, to the astronomical total of the treaty-claims for the payment of pensions and of what were called "separation allowances" to Allied troops and their families. Millions of German peasants and citizens were placed under foreign governments without their consent, in South Tyrol, in Northern Bohemia, in the Rhinelands, in expanded Poland, and other areas of ancient German civilization. Great Britain seized the most valuable German colonies in South Africa, and the Allies prepared to devour an opulent banquet of oil-bearing lands and other valuable concessions throughout Asia Minor and the Levant without fear of German or Russian or even Turkish opposition. Then came the League which proposed to preserve this peace and to guarantee the maintenance of these territorial and economic and military arrangements as decreed by the victors.

Thus, from the day of its birth in Paris, was the League intimately linked with the Treaties of Versailles, St. Germain, Neuilly and Sèvres. An ingenious "mandate" theory was invented by which Britain and France and Japan "accepted the mandate of the League of Nations" to govern and exploit the rich German colonies and possessions throughout the world which they had appropriated by force and annexed by "law." France took the "mandate" over The Kameruns and over Syria and Cilicia with their valuable mineral deposits and commerce. England accepted the mandate for Palestine and Mesopotamia, with their vast, undeveloped oil resources and their strategic military importance to its "dominions beyond the seas." The United States cautiously declined the mandate over Armenia, with its massacres and miseries and multitudinous entanglements, and requited itself modestly with the cable-station and island of Yap! The League of Nations was, moreover, made the executor of the victorious Allied governments in respect of a number of the economic clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. The Saar Valley and its valuable coal-mines—an area purely German in language and loyalties—was severed from Germany, occupied by French troops, incorporated in the French custom and fiscal system—and administered for fifteen years by a commission of the League of Nations whose president is a Frenchman! Upper Silesia, a highly developed and very important industrial and coal-mining region which had been German—or Austrian—for over four hundred years, was dismembered by the League to which the "problem" had been referred for solution by the Allied Supreme Council after it had been unable to reach an agreement. By the League's decision nine-tenths of the region's valuable properties and mines, constituting twenty-five per cent of the entire coal supply of Germany, was assigned to Poland, and the League's "award" was carried out by French and Polish bayonets. All this is but part of the story of the last three barren, disappointing years.

Is it any wonder that the League of Nations has not exhibited much capacity or enthusiasm for rectifying the wrongs inflicted by those who control it? Is it any wonder that the League is silent on the desperate subject of the Ruhr and the invasion and partition of the Rhinelands? The five principal Allied powers together with the representatives of four smaller states elected by the Assembly of the League compose its Council which has the final and determining authority in all that the League does. Is it any wonder that, with such a birth and such a history behind it, the Germans decline to apply for admission to the League of Nations, even when they have been told that their application would receive favorable consideration, and regard it with suspicion as a disguised and menacing political auxiliary of their enemies, an institution of false internationalism which exists to give sanction of "law" and morality to the exactions and depredations and manifold injustices committed by momentarily triumphant militarism? The Russians also want none of it, regarding it with profound suspicion and fear. It is a solemn fact that the League and all its works are feared or distrusted by tens of millions who live east of the Rhine, who believe it to be a high-sounding device for holding the Germans in subjection and the Russians in outer darkness.

What the Russians and Germans believe is of great and probably determining importance to the future peace of the world, and to the success of any League that proposes to maintain that peace, however much we may be disposed to ignore them, for they are ultimately the two most powerful peoples upon the Continent. One does not learn the truth about a club, or a fraternity, or a league by listening only to those who are trying to sell it; it is equally important to hear what those who have been excluded have to say about it, especially if they have had intimate experience with its activities. There is another side to every story. From some knowledge of "the other side" about the League of Nations acquired by a recent prolonged sojourn in Central and Eastern Europe, and for the reasons suggested in the preceding paragraphs, I have been forced reluctantly to the conviction that the Geneva League of Nations, as now constituted and controlled, in spite of much excellent work by many of the individuals most active in its counsels, is very far from being an honest and disinterested association for the abolition of international war. It is rather a kind of glorified holding-corporation for the victors in the recent catastrophic war, a conference for continuous mediation in minor international disputes not directly involving the great powers, combined with an international Sanitary Commission or Social Welfare organization for combatting vicious traffics and dangerous plagues.

The League is, therefore, unsafe for America or democracy. It is not an independent agent for promoting peace. It is an abortive political experiment for which there existed insufficient moral preparation. It

was moribund by the conditions surrounding its birth. A military deadlock in Europe and the triumph of neutral statesmanship, led by Mr. Wilson and the American people, would have made a real League of Nations possible. But Mr. Wilson miscalculated himself, misled America, and misjudged the war with the inevitable result that the United States achieved a military victory and suffered a moral defeat from which nothing less than the right kind of a revolution in thought and policy can rescue it—and the world. These are the facts which so far as I know only the pacifists and conscientious objectors—and but a few of them—saw and dared affirm before it was too late. They are still the facts and no propaganda for peace or for the Geneva League can change them—although it may mislead and confuse a great many people whose instincts and desires are for peace. *(To be continued.)*

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

The New Head of the Church of Greece

After a vacancy of six months, rather odd because of the ambiguity of the position of the Royalist Metropolitan Theokletos, following the revolutionary movement of last September, the archepiscopate of Athens and the Presidency of the Holy Synod of the Church of Greece was occupied recently by the Most Rev. Chrysostomos Papadopoulos. This ex-archimandrite, now archbishop, happens to be one of the gentlest and best known Greek prelates who was, up to his election, the dean of the Rizareios Seminary of Athens, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Divinity School of the National University.

The New Metropolitan was born in the little city of Madytos, of classical lore, on the Hellespont in 1870. Here he received his elementary education, his father serving there as a priest. Soon afterwards, manifesting an inclination for the paternal field he entered the then well-known Joachimian Seminary of Xyloporta. Thence he entered the Eastern Orthodox Theological School of Jerusalem and after completing his work there he continued his studies in the Theological Academy of Petrograd.

He was graduated from here as a doctor of divinity in 1895, when returning to Jerusalem he was appointed to a professorship in his Alma Mater in an encouraging appreciation of his high scholarship of the previous years. Later he was ordained an archimandrite in his thirtieth year, an age comparatively young for that sacerdotal grade. This proved indeed an excellent opportunity for the cultivation of his didactic and pastoral qualities as is attested by many of his former pupils in that biblical city. This Seminary was closed in 1909 following a series of acrimonious priestly controversies and the young archimandrite was obliged to leave Jerusalem in bitter disappointment.

He was then for some time afforded the hospitality of his colleagues in Constantinople and Alexandria until July, 1911, when he was called to Athens to direct the affairs of the Athenian Seminary. A great majority of the people who know him are very enthusiastic about his record and it is affirmed that his outstanding characteristic is his didactic proficiency, unlike his predecessor, the Most Rev. Meletios, now Ecumenical Patriarch, who is thought of very frequently as a misappointed statesman. This was evinced in 1914, when Chrysostomos was elected by a unanimous decision of the theological faculty of the National University a full-time Professor in its School of Divinity retaining the directorship of the Seminary.

In addition to his ability as a teacher and administrator, he has for some time been favorably known as the leading religious writer in Eastern Orthodox circles. His multiform writings, either in essay form or in book form, have won for him the standing of a progressive thinker. He has been a constant contributor to the *New Zion,* a periodical in Jerusalem, to the *Ecclesiastical Pharos* of Alexandria, to the *Ecclesiastical Herald* of Constantinople and to other Greek language religious magazines. His "History of the Church of Jerusalem" has been commended not only by the higher Greek clergy but by some foreign scholars as well.

In a measure then, it is quite just that Church and State in the Greek Kingdom have called upon him (the Government plays an important part in the election) as the more fitting successor of Meletios. It is equally true that the aforementioned colleges will miss a tested teacher and scholar to the probable advantage of the larger issues and problems of the National Church. He is as yet in his early fifties. It is naturally expected of him to continue the Greek co-operation for the affiliation of the Eastern Orthodox branch of Christianity with the Protestant Episcopal Church; into this co-operative work he was initiated when he accompanied the Most Rev. Meletios on his western European and American travels of 1918. It goes without saying that his principal reformative task lies right in the sphere of the Church of Greece, which is laboring under many drawbacks and anachronisms.

GEORGE SARANTIDES.

BLEST POESY!

Supremest joy!—the art of painting Nature
So as to magnify her strength and stature;
Decking existence in such garb ideal
That men mistake the marvel for the real!

Hail! Hail, blest Poesy,
Making for Liberty!
Still fathom Nature's gifts,
All that inspires and lifts.
Find for us strength in Heaven's unvarying order,
Making the planets of man's will the warder;
Trumpet, each morn, Night's conquest by the Sun;
Laugh with the soaring tree-top's airy fun;
Bid us to share the frolic wind's caress
And nesting-songs of birds,—
Alluring life to loveliness
From languor with the herds.

Blest Poesy!
Soul's loftiest glee!
Raptly calm vision of the eager few,
Refreshing human dearth with dew!

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

THE STUDY TABLE

Something of Geography

The great war has made a New World, and it is to the study of this new world that Dr. Bowman's new book[1] is devoted. It is intended primarily as a text-book for serious students, but it is as interesting as any book of fiction. It examines the economic and political problems of the new world and the discussion is, on the whole, free and unbiased. Serious questions face us. What of the newly formed states or nations? What are their populations, interests, points of strength and weakness, possibilities for the future? How has the peace treaty left the older states in population, area, resources, ability to cope with the future? What new duties and relations have arisen between states and how are they to be carried out? What of armament and the likelihood of future wars? What of future trade relations? "In short, will the changes in the political and economic geography of the world spell peace or war, strength or weakness, in the years immediately before us?" With a background of this sort, the author takes up, in a series of carefully written chapters, the problems of Imperial Britain, of France, Belgium and Italy, of the neutral nations, of the group that faced the Allies in the war, of the newly created states, and of Russia. While two-thirds of the book is given to Europe, the outliers cannot be omitted, as they were the prize for which the titanic struggle was waged. So Palestine, Anatolia, Persia, Inner Asia, the African colonies and Australia come up for consideration. The Far East and Latin America, too, present problems. All these areas are taken in turn and discussed in adequate detail. Our author writes clearly and with force; he has personal viewpoints, but is usually fair. He has not quite regained balance regarding Germany, nor does he fully recognize the significance of Japan and China, but the book is one of extraordinary value. It is supplied with a remarkable collection of instructive maps and diagrams and a reasonable number of pictures. The appendix contains a convenient list-table of the principal treaties and agreements made between 1914 and 1920.

Two noted foreigners, who have lately been in China, have made a deep impression—particularly upon the mind of the student class, "Young China." They are John Dewey and Bertrand Russell. Both were looked on as teachers, both were considered friends. They aroused a prodigious personal interest and sympathy. In the case of Mr. Russell this was intensified by the fact that he was seriously ill during his sojourn, so ill that life was almost despaired of. This gave rise to a nation-wide, outspoken anxiety and solicitude, which in a "Christian land" would have shown itself in the form of public prayer. While in China, Mr. Russell was Professor of Philosophy in the Government University of Peking. His book, "The Problem of China,"[2] aims to depict certain present conditions and tendencies and to indicate some dangers and hopes. Mr. Russell, like all sensible and thoughtful men who come into contact with Chinese, recognizes that they have real claims to respect and admiration.

> If intercourse between Western nations and China is to be helpful, we must cease to regard ourselves as missionaries of a superior civilization, or, worse still, as men who have a right to exploit, oppress, and swindle the Chinese, because they are an inferior race.

They can get along without radical changes. The future will be better and happier, for them and for us, if they do not learn too much of western ideas, and if it is built upon their own foundations. China may adopt more than is good from us and from Europe. Russell thinks that Japan has been shrewd and fortunate in adopting what will help, while retaining much of her native culture and life unchanged. We feel that she has lost much more than he realizes and that her loss is great and irretrievable. Both he and we hope that China may do as well, taking enough from the west to prevent her national destruction, but retaining the largest possible amount of native culture. Western nations have never dealt fairly with China. Starting with the assumption that she is inferior, all foreign contact—diplomatic, commercial, religious—has been selfish and exploitative; it continues to be so. In 1914 and since, up to the present, it has not been the interests and advancement of China that have been sought, but the selfish ends of the other nations. Mr. Russell indicates the errors and faults of the past and present and sees in them a menace of future peril to both China and the outside world. For China is to have a part in the future, either for weal or woe. In his closing paragraph, Mr. Russell says:

> . . . if Chinese reformers can have the moderation to stop when they have made China capable of self-defense, and to abstain from the further step of foreign conquest; if, when they have become safe at home, they can turn aside from the materialistic activities imposed by the powers, and devote their freedom to science and art and the inauguration of a better economic system—then China will have played the part in the world for which she is fitted, and will have given to mankind as a whole new hope in the moment of greatest need.

We like the phrase—"materialistic activities imposed by the powers." The trouble with the entire Orient, not only with China, is that it cares more for the spiritual than the material.

Important expeditions into Peru were conducted by Prof. Hiram Bingham, under the auspices of Yale University and the National Geographic Society, in the years 1911, 1912 and 1915. Popular articles resulting from these have appeared from time to time and the strictly scientific results have been printed in special journals. "In Inca-Land,"[3] we have the complete narrative in popular form. The explorations were in three particular directions. Some, like the Flamingo Lake exploration, were purely geographical; others, like the search for the last Inca capital, were studies in early history and investigation of the old chronicles; still others, like Machu Picchu, were field studies in archaeology. There is material here for every taste and novelty in matter and narrative. Dr. Bingham had able associates in the various lines of investigation undertaken and the expeditions were amply outfitted. With the elaborate care given to outfit—particularly to food supply and camp comforts—no particular excitement or hardship was to be expected. However, there were occasions when even this equipment could not insure ease. This, in the ascent of Coropuna, the climbers met discomfort and hardship. The ascent was undertaken in the hope that the mountain would be shown "to be the culminating point of the continent." Expectation was not realized. Instead

[1] "The New World: Problems in Political Geography." Isaiah Bowman. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1922. World Book Co. 8vo; pp. vii, 632.

[2] "The Problem of China." Bertrand Russell. New York: 1922. The Century Co. 16mo; pp. 276.

[3] "Inca-Land: Explorations in the Highlands of Peru." Hiram Bingham. Boston and New York: 1922. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 8vo; pp. xiv, 365.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

BIRTHDAYS IN AUGUST OF POLITICAL PRISONERS

Birthdays in August of political prisoners confined in American prisons are announced by the Workers' National Prison Comfort Club, 2923 Chestnut Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as follows:

At Leavenworth, Kansas, Box No. 7—
August 7—Wencil Francik, No. 14804.
August 13—Henry Hammer, No. 13572.
August 15—James Rowan, No. 13113.
August 17—Librado Rivera, No. 15411; J. A. MacDonald, No. 13133.
August 27—Mortimer Downing, No. 13566.

At Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington—
August 15—James McInery, No. 9410.
August 25—John Lamb, No. 9412.

Cora Meyer, National Secretary, invites friends and sympathizers to send birthday cards and letters to those political prisoners. Money is advisable for gifts.

Prisoner H. D. Suhr writes: "Wish you would find a way to convey my appreciation to all who so thoughtfully remembered me. Nobody but a prisoner knows the value of friendship."

Prisoner Pedro Parales writes: "I would like to make my letter extensive, but, in this unfortunate place there isn't anything to write of, other than express pleasure in hearing of new friends."

"LAW—NOT WAR" DAY

(Suggestions for its Observance.)

It is agreed that Law must be substituted for War among the nations if our civilization is to survive.

To give this conviction nation-wide expression and turn the attention of statesmen and governments to the necessity of furthering practical plans for putting it into effect, the National Council for Prevention of War, at its meeting May 24, endorsed the observance of *July* 28-29, the anniversary of the outbreak of the Great War, by a nation-wide demonstration in favor of *Law—Not War.*

The effectiveness of the observance will be greatly increased if the same general plan is followed in every community. In the interest of this "solidarity," the following suggestions are offered:

1. Page or half-page advertisements in the local newspapers, carrying in big letters *Law—Not War,* followed by an explanatory statement in from five to ten lines, and below this the signatures of as many local organizations and representative individuals as possible—each one of these, if it is necessary to pay for the ads, contributing toward its cost.

In some instances it will be possible to secure a donation of space from the local merchants, if credit is given them at the bottom of the ad. The newspapers may in addition be willing to carry the words *Law—Not War* across the top of their front pages. *News items* should also be given to the press.

Suggest that the advertisements be *cut out and used as posters,* as was done with No More War advertisements last year.

2. *Law—Not War* posters—the three words in dark blue on white, 15x11—should be put up in shop windows, private homes, on country fences, on the windshields of automobiles, etc. They can be secured from the National Council at 25 cents per 100 or $2.25 per 1,000, $10.00 for 5,000.

3. Public Meetings should be held either Saturday, July 28, or Sunday, July 29, to explain the World Court proposal and other plans that look to the ultimate effective outlawry of war. Resolutions that are adopted should be sent to the President, to your two United States Senators, and to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the U. S. Senate. Let each copy state to whom the other copies are being sent.

4. Individual Telegrams and Letters are, when numerous, more effective than resolutions.

5. Law—Not War banners, made by painting the words in blue or black on a white pennant, would make an effective demonstration if run up on all flagpoles in the community.

6. Parades, pageants, luncheons or dinners with speeches, street meetings, etc.

7. In some places it may be possible to have airplanes write the words, Law—Not War, in smoke.

8. Toy balloons can be liberated to carry tags or pennants over the city.

9. All possible use should be made of Radio Speeches.

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR PREVENTION OF WAR,
532 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

THE SEPTEMBER CONFERENCE

Of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, 396 Broadway, New York City.

Those who have promised to open up for discussion some of the subjects at the Fall Conference, thus far, are Gilbert Beaver, chairman of the Fellowship; Edmund B. Chaffee, pastor of the Presbyterian Labor Temple, New York; George L. Collins, a new secretary of the Fellowship who has been prominent in student work in Colorado; Harrison Elliott, assistant professor of Religious Education in Union Theological Seminary; Grace

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of reaching 23,000 feet and surpassing Aconcagua, Coropuna attains only an altitude of 21,703 feet. Aconcagua still claims 22,763 feet and is the highest summit in America. Satisfaction remained in the fact that Coropuna "is a thousand feet higher than the highest mountain in North America. While we were glad we were the first to reach the top, we all agreed we would never do it again." The greatest popular interest in the expeditions was the identification of Inca, or other native locations, which are mentioned in the narratives of the early chroniclers as of historical or traditional importance. While disappointment marked the end of the Coropuna ascent, elation attached to Machu Picchu. "It seems reasonable to conclude that at Machu Picchu we have the ruins of Tampu-tocco, the birthplace of the first Inca, Manco Ccapac, and also the ruins of a sacred city of the last Incas." . . . "few romances can ever surpass that of the granite citadel on top of the beetling precipices of Machu Picchu, the crown of Inca-Land." The book is amply and beautifully illustrated with pictures of scenery and life.

For many years Frank G. Carpenter has been a travel-writer for newspaper syndicates and his letters have been read by millions. His chatty descriptions of travel and life in distant lands are now being issued in book form as a series, under the name "Carpenter's World Travels."[4] The six continents will all be covered—three volumes dealing with South America, four with Europe, eight with North America, eight with Asia, three with Africa and two with Australia and other islands. The series will certainly make a handsome showing and will be of value, both for reading and reference. Mr. Carpenter is an easy writer; he has an eye for the picturesque and striking and the reporter's nose for news. He is never profound, but he seeks information everywhere and uses some discrimination in judging what he hears. While he has the narrow and critical attitude of the typical tourist, he never means to be unfair. He is always interesting and though not always accurate, his work has great value for the host of readers, who will not read really serious and accurate books. A strong point of his books is that they are made from notes jotted down at the moment of occurrence or observation. Five volumes of the series had already appeared before the one we have at hand. This treats of the lands of Northern Africa, touching on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic—Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Tripoli and the Sahara. They are lands of charm, both in geography and people. The book gives a clear idea of the quaint and picturesque things that would be seen by the intelligent traveler. It is abundantly illustrated from original photographs. FREDERICK STARR.

[4] "From Tangier to Tripoli." Frank G. Carpenter. Garden City and New York: 1923. Doubleday, Page and Co. 8vo; pp. xiv, 277.

Hutchins, associate secretary of the Fellowship; Paul Jones, secretary of the Fellowship, Hertha Kraus, City Director of Welfare Work, Cologne, Germany, and a leader in the Youth Movement; Scott Nearing, author and lecturer; Anna Rochester, an editor, the *World Tomorrow;* and Sidney Strong, late of Seattle, Australia, Moscow and Berlin. No lectures will be delivered by any of the above, for this is a *conference.*

The final program of the Conference with a card for reservations will be sent out about the first of August.

The Conference will be September 6-10, 1923, at the Columbia Hotel, Belmar, N. J.

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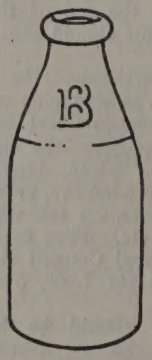

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